

DOCTOR • WHO PINBALL WIZARD

CHIKKI-CHIKKI-CHIKKI-CHIKKI!

WHAT IS THAT NOISE? IT SOUNDS LIKE MICKEY'S OLD CAR ON A WINTER MORNING.

SPECIFICALLY - WHEN WE'RE DODGING THE *EREWON ARMADA* BACK THERE, THE *XION CRYSTALS* WERE *JOLTED* OUT OF LINE. THE *SLIPPAGE* CAUSED THE *PASSAVITOR* TO GO INTO *FLUX* AND LEAK *COOLANT* INTO THE *AETHIOPATHIC CHAMBER*.

YOU WHAT?

CHIKKI-CHIKKI-CHIKKI-CHIKKI!

THE TARDIS POSITIONING SYSTEM HAS OVERHEATED.

SO WE'RE LOST?

EXACTLY.

CAN YOU FIX IT?

WELL A GOOD *SMACK* TO SIDE OF THE TARDIS MIGHT REALIGN THE CRYSTALS.

BUT, SINCE NEITHER OF US ARE IN POSSESSION OF A *GIANT HAND*, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SET HER DOWN AND TRY SOME OTHER WAY.

AND IF I OPEN THE DOOR...?

I HAVE NO IDEA *WHATSOEVER* WHERE YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF.

OOOH, YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE A GIRL *CURIOUS*!

WOW!

HMM. WELL, THIS ISN'T EARTH, BUT I'M PICKING UP INDICATIONS OF HUMAN LIFE.

WHOEVER CAME UP WITH THIS *HAS* TO BE HUMAN!

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WHAT GAME HAVE YOU COME FROM?

OH, IT'S A GAME CALLED... THE TARDIS!

IT'S QUITE NEW AT THE MOMENT. NOT EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT IT.



MR TRACK R. BALL?

THAT'S ME, BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SO FORMAL. JUST CALL ME KING TRACK - WORLD GALAXY BOARD CHAMPION.

JUST STEP UP TO THE POD, MR BALL.



AS PUNISHMENT FOR A TOTAL OF 1,273 HOURS AND 16 MINUTES AT THE GAMEFACE, YOU ARE SENTENCED TO THREE ROUNDS IN THE GAME. PLUS ONE BONUS BALL.

GAME ON!



OH, I GET IT! IS THIS SOME SORT OF EXTREME SPORT THEN? SORT OF LIKE BUNGEE JUMPING WITH BELLS AND LIGHTS?

NOT EXACTLY.



THESE PEOPLE ARE GAMESLAVES. THEY'VE WASTED SO MUCH TIME PLAYING COMPUTER GAMES THEY'RE BEING FORCED, BY SOCIETY, TO REPAY THEIR DEBT...

SCHTFFFF!



...BY TAKING PART IN A GIANT REAL-LIFE GAME.

HOW BAD CAN THAT BE?



AAAAARRRRGGGHHH!

SCHTOOM!

OK. THAT LOOKS PRETTY BAD.



SO WHAT HAPPENS TO HIM NOW DOCTOR?

I'M GUESSING THE **PUBLIC** GET TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT HE **LIVES...** BY HOW WELL HE PLAYS THE GAME!

AAAAIIIEEE!



HOLD ON A MINUTE... WHERE ARE THE GAME CONTROLS, JOYCE?

JUST THROUGH THAT DOOR...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT A PLAN!



SUDDENLY...

NEXT PLAYER! MS. JOYCE TICK, AS PUNISHMENT FOR A TOTAL OF 201 HOURS AND 57 MINUTES AT THE GAMEFACE, YOU ARE SENTENCED TO ONE ROUND IN THE GAME.

HEY! BUT THAT'S NOT ME! I'M NOT THE NEXT PLAYER! DOCTOR!



SCHTFFFF!

GET OFF ME! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG PERSON!



HEEEELLP!



SCHTTOOM!

EEEEEEEEOOOOOWWWWWW!

WHAT NOW? TO FIND OUT, TURN TO PAGE 30!



DOCTOR WHO

PINBALL WIZARD

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ROSE IS
TRAPPED
IN A
DEADLY
GAME!

RIGHT, YOU
LOT! I'M
TAKING OVER
THIS GAME!

PSYCHIC
PAPER!





ROSE!
ARE YOU
OK?

YEAH.
NOTHING
BROKEN.
JUST
A BIT...
DIZZY!



YOU FIXED THE
TARDIS! WHEN YOUR
PINBALL SLAMMED
INTO THE SIDE OF IT,
YOU REALIGNED THE
CRYSTALS!

GOOD, COS I THINK
IT'S TIME WE GOT
OUT OF HERE!



I'M ACTUALLY QUITE
A WIZARD WHEN IT
COMES TO PINBALL.
I SPENT A LOT OF
TIME PLAYING IT
BACK IN THE 1960S.

AND, UNLIKE THOSE
GAMESLAVES, IT
TURNS OUT I WASN'T
WASTING MY TIME.
WHAT WAS IT LIKE
INSIDE THE BALL?

APART FROM
THE FACT I
SCREAMED
MY LUNGS
OUT...



IT WAS
FANTASTIC!
REALLY
EXCITING!

YOU MIGHT
EVEN SAY
THAT YOU
HAD A BALL!
HA HA HA!

MORE ADVENTURES NEXT ISSUE!